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The story so far...

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

CHAPTER 1: RUN, DOCTOR, RUN
Story by Joshua Hale Fialkov
Art by Blair Shedd

CHAPTER 2: DOWN TO EARTH
Story by Matthew Dow Smith
Art by Mitch Gerads
Colors by Mitch Gerads and Kyle Latino

CHAPTER 3: TUESDAY
Story, art and colors by Dan McDaid
Color assist by Deborah McCumiskey

CHAPTER 4: YOUR DESTINY AWAITS
Story by Tony Lee
Art by Josh Adams
Colors by Rachelle Rosenberg

Lettering by Shawn Lee
Edited by Denton J. Tipton

Cover Checklist:

Cover A
Art by Blair Shedd with Mitch Gerads, Dan McDaid, Josh Adams, and Rachelle Rosenberg

Cover RI
Photo Cover

Special thanks to Gary Russell, David Turbitt, and Ed Casey for their invaluable assistance.

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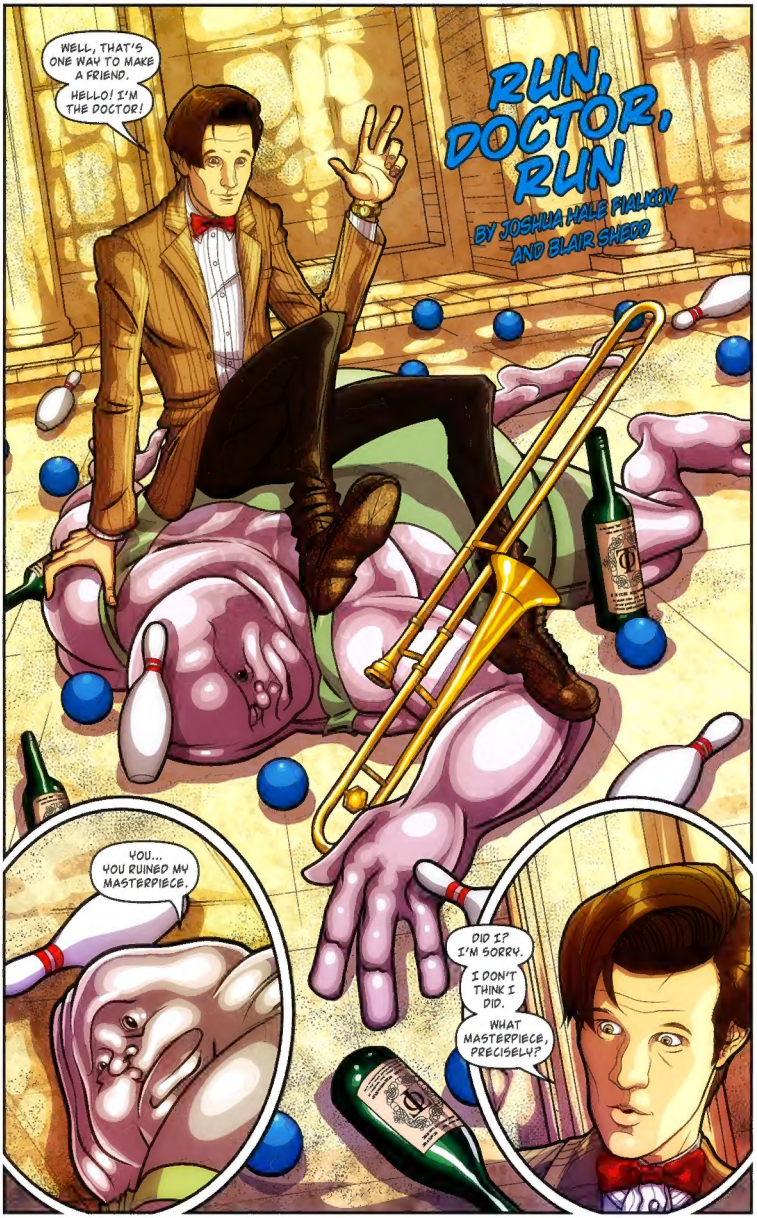
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

CRASH
FLUUUGE
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX


RUN, DOCTOR, RUN
BY JOSHUA HALE FIALKOV AND BLAIR SHEDD
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY TO MAKE A FRIEND.
HELLO! I'M THE DOCTOR!
YOU... YOU RUINED MY MASTERPIECE.
DID I? I'M SORRY.
I DON'T THINK I DID.
WHAT MASTERPIECE, PRECISELY?

KILL THE ART-MURDERER!
HE HAS VERY LITTLE CLASS OR APPRECIATION FOR FINE THINGS!
AND HE'S STANDING UPSIDE-DOWN!
NOW HOLD ON A TIC, LET'S WORK THIS—
—RIGHT. TALK LATER.
GRAVITATIONAL SHIFTERS? FANTASTIC!

HM. RIGHT.
UP AND DOWN.
SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH.

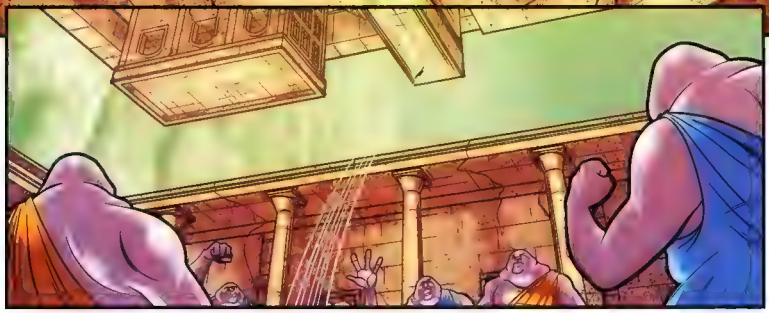
AHA!
GAH!
HURM.
GERONIMO?

GRAVITATIONAL ADJUSTMENTS.
CENTRIFUGAL FORCE IS MEANINGLESS, AND THE NEWTONIAN PRINCIPLES ARE GONE.
SO THAT MEANS—
GOT IT!

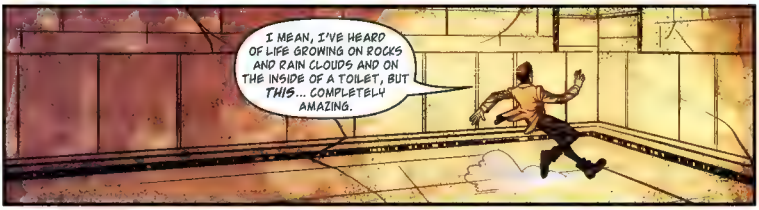
STOP!
WHAT EXACTLY IS GOING ON HERE?
WHAT IS THIS PLANET?
WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT?
HE KILLED FARIAH JAZBLOOM.
KILLED?
NO!
SQUISHED?
YES!
AND BESIDES! SHE'S FINE.
HE.
HE. RIGHT!
SO, IF YOU'LL JUST EXCUSE ME...

...RIGHT. I JUST NEED TO GET BACK TO MY SHIP. I CAN BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR IN A BLINK.
IF YOU JUST...

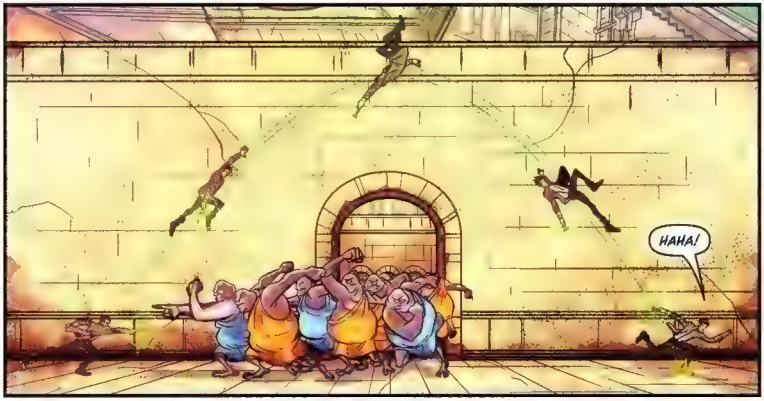
~SIGH~



OKAY. LET'S START AGAIN.
THE GRAVITATIONAL CENTER OF THIS PLANET—
—IT'S NOT A PLANET!
YOU MAD CREATURES! EVOLVING ON A WHAT... PARTICULATE MASS OF SOME SORT?
BRILLIANT.

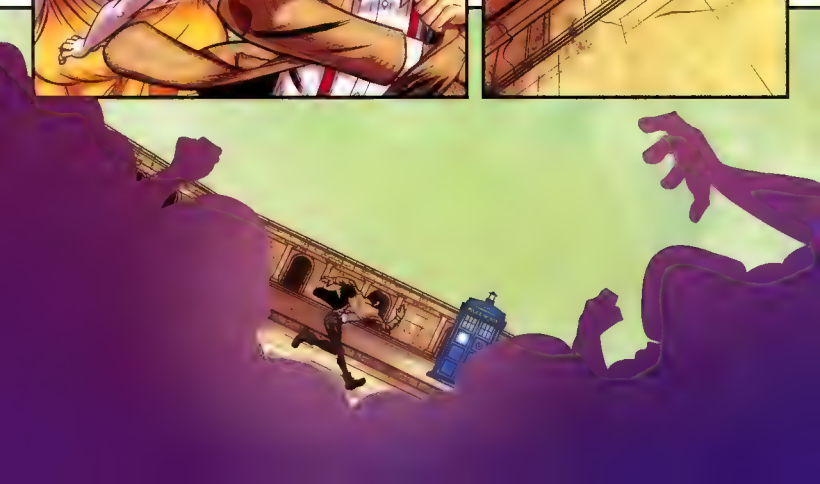

I MEAN, I'VE HEARD OF LIFE GROWING ON ROCKS AND RAIN CLOUDS AND ON THE INSIDE OF A TOILET, BUT THIS... COMPLETELY AMAZING.

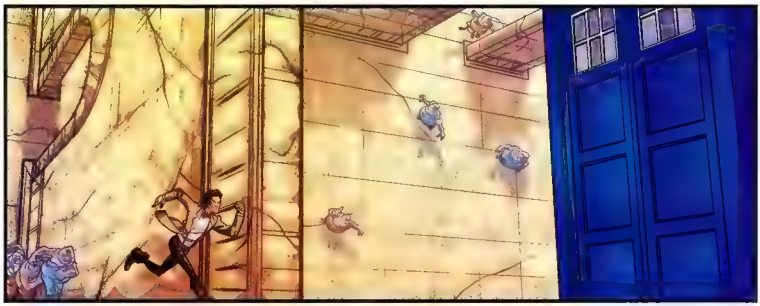
AH, I SEEM TO HAVE GONE SIDEWAYS A BIT.

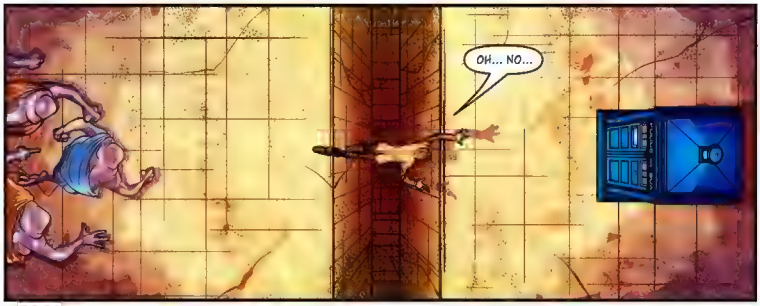

HAHA!

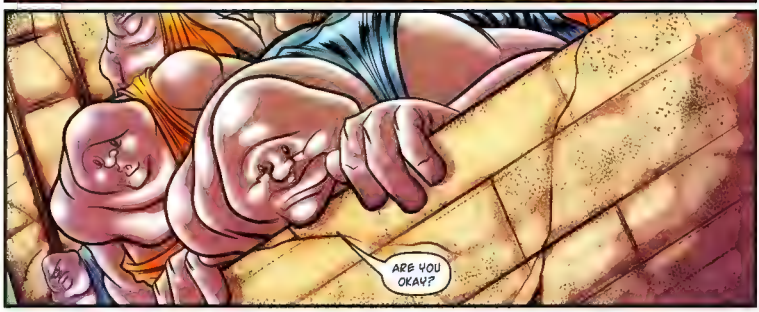
THINK VARIABLE DENSITY... THINK VARIABLE DENSITY... THINK VARIABLE DENSITY...

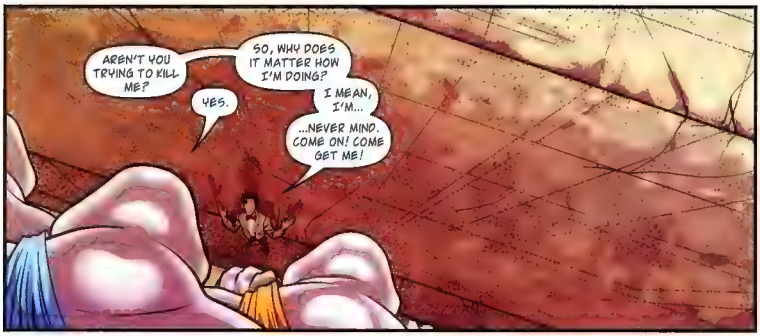
FANTASTIC!

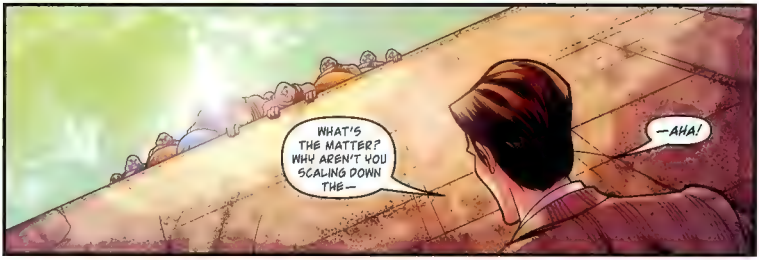




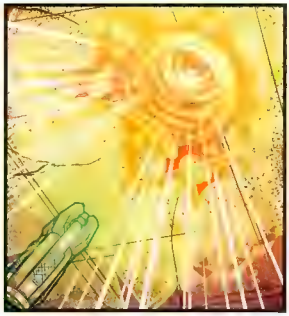

OH... NO...


ARE YOU OKAY?


AREN'T YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?
SO, WHY DOES IT MATTER HOW I'M DOING?
YES.
I MEAN, I'M...
...NEVER MIND. COME ON! COME GET ME!

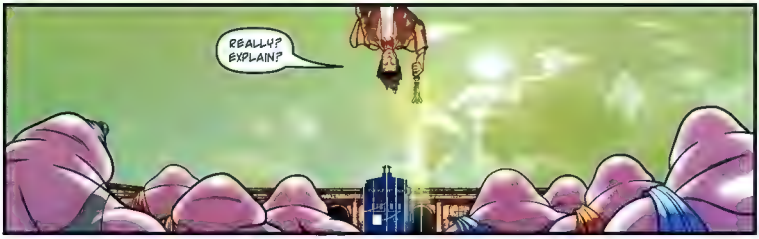

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY AREN'T YOU SCALING DOWN THE—
—AHA!

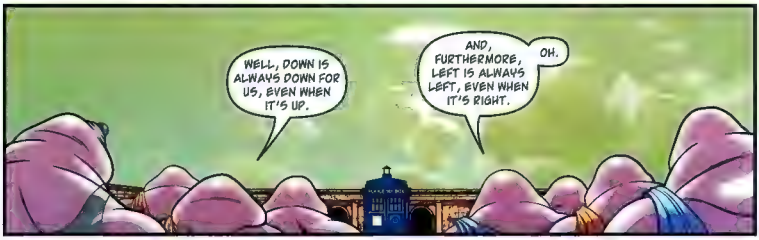
PROTOMOLECULAR SOFT SPOT!

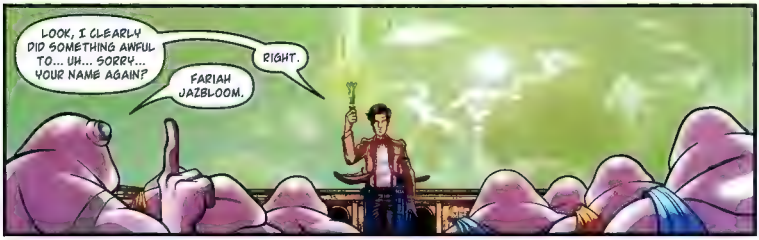


NOW THAT'S COOL.
TELL ME, UP THERE, THIS... UH... WORLD. IT'S BUILT ON A GASEOUS BALL, YES?
YES.

IT MUST BE TOUGH NOT KNOWING UP FROM DOWN AND LEFT FROM RIGHT, YES?
IT'S NOT AS BAD AS ALL THAT.


REALLY? EXPLAIN?

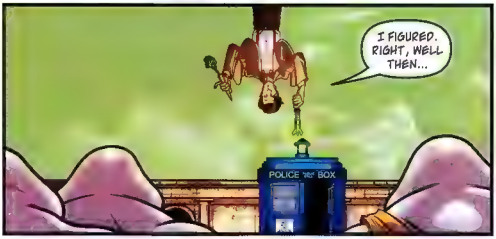

WELL, DOWN IS ALWAYS DOWN FOR US, EVEN WHEN IT'S UP.
AND, FURTHERMORE, LEFT IS ALWAYS LEFT, EVEN WHEN IT'S RIGHT.
OH.

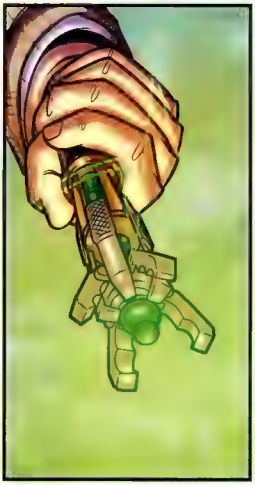

LOOK, I CLEARLY DID SOMETHING AWFUL TO... UH... SORRY... YOUR NAME AGAIN?
FARIAH JAZBLOOM.
RIGHT.

SO, HOWSABOUT I FIX IT? I MEAN, THIS IS FUN AND ALL, BUT, REALLY, WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE, WELL, A PROPER UP-AND-DOWN WORLD?

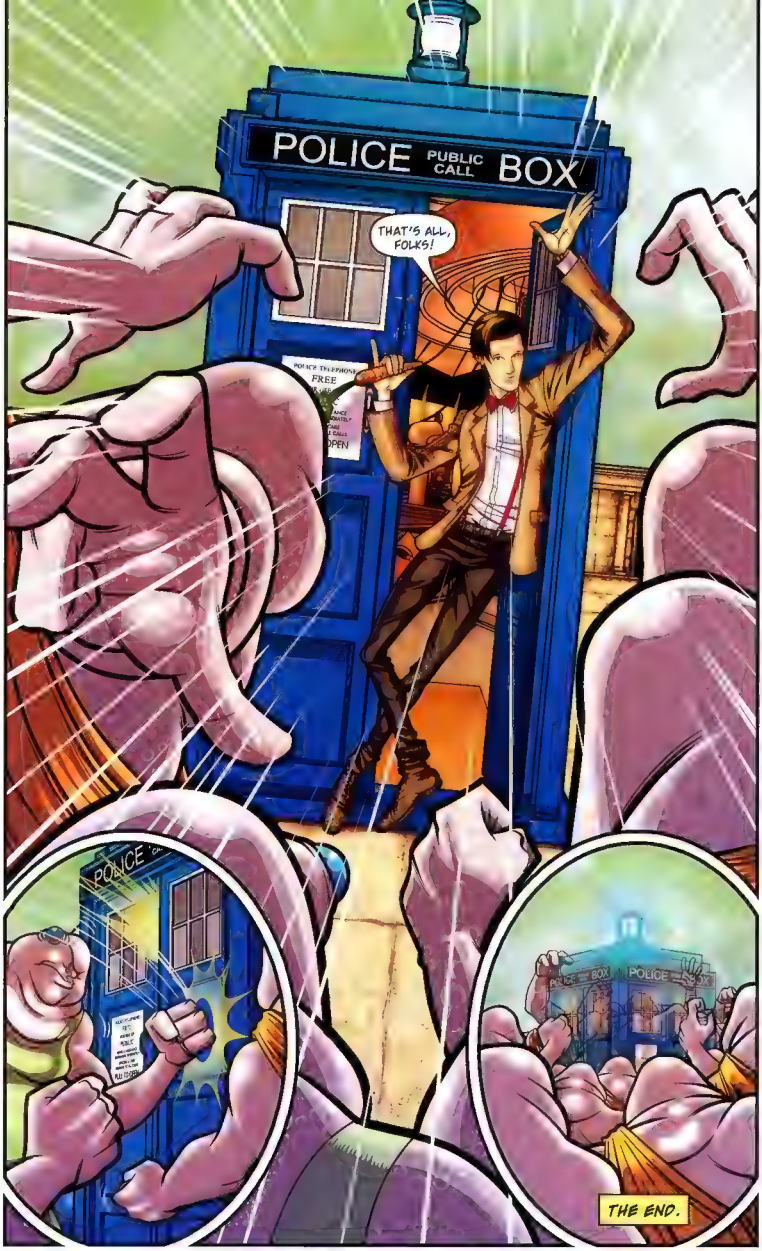
YOU FORGIVE ME MY CRIMES AGAINST ART AND, UH, TROMBONING, AND I'LL MAKE YOUR WORLD LIKE EVERY OTHER PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE.
DEAL?

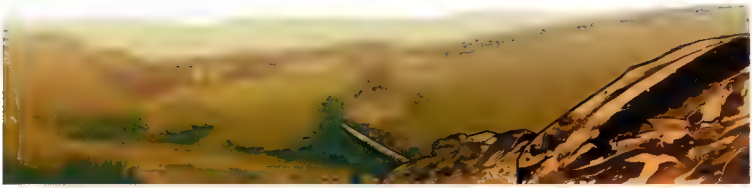
WHY WOULD WE WANT THAT?
POLICE BOX


I FIGURED. RIGHT, WELL THEN...
POLICE BOX



POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX


POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!
POLICE TELEPHONE FREE
OPEN
POLICE
POLICE BOX
POLICE BOX
THE END.



ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL DAY, HAROLD.
INDEED IT IS, TOM.

DON'T FORGET THE CAKE SALE THIS SUNDAY.
I'M WHIPPING UP A SPECIAL BATCH OF MY PRIZE-WINNING CHOCOLATE COOKIES.
WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD, MRS. RUNSON.

OH, YES.
A BEAUTIFUL DAY, INDEED.

LOVELY LITTLE VILLAGE YOU'VE GOT HERE...

DOWN TO EARTH

BY MATTHEW DOW SMITH AND MITCH GERADS

THAT PERCEPTION FILTER MIGHT WORK ON THE LOCALS, BUT BELIEVE ME...

...I'M NOT A LOCAL.
WWRRRRRR

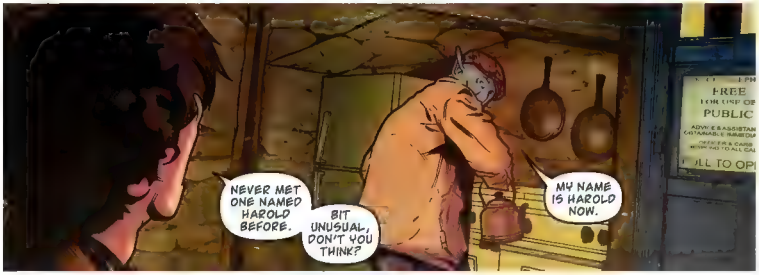
DON'T...
WWRRRRRR

OH, DEAR.

NOW.
WHERE WAS I?
AH, YES...
WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?

HAROLD.
HAROLD LUMLEY.

A TRYLONIAN, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS.
NASTY RACE, THE TRYLONIANS.
BAD HABIT OF INVADING OTHER PLANETS.


NEVER MET ONE NAMED HAROLD BEFORE.
BIT UNUSUAL, DON'T YOU THINK?
MY NAME IS HAROLD NOW.
FREE
PUBLIC

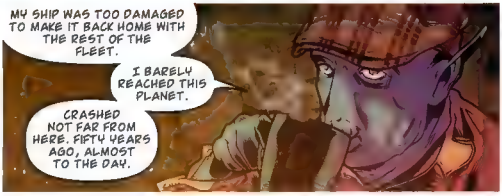
A TRYLONIAN LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME, HIDING BEHIND A PERCEPTION FILTER.
WHICH BRINGS ME BACK TO MY OTHER QUESTION...
...WHY ARE YOU HERE?

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.
TRY ME.

IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO...
'...I WAS STILL LUM-TEE BACK THEN, A COMMANDER IN THE TRYLONIAN SPACE FLEET.
'WE HAD JUST LAUNCHED AN OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE ZORIAN HOMEWORLD.
'IT WAS A BLOODY BATTLE.
'BUT THEN, AREN'T THEY ALL?
'WE WORE THEIR DEFENSES DOWN WITH WAVE AFTER WAVE OF OUR BATTLE CRUISERS.
'SACRIFICING ENTIRE SQUADRONS OF STAR FIGHTERS TO CREATE A PATH FOR OUR GROUND FORCES.
'AND THEN, WITH VICTORY WITHIN OUR GRASP...
'...YOU APPEARED'.

YOU CAME FROM NOWHERE, IN THAT BLUE BOX OF YOURS.
ONE MAN AGAINST AN ENTIRE BATTLE FLEET, AND YOU SENT US PACKING LIKE WOUNDED DOGS.

THE MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR.
THE MOST FEARED WARRIOR IN THE UNIVERSE.


MY SHIP WAS TOO DAMAGED TO MAKE IT BACK HOME WITH THE REST OF THE FLEET.
I BARELY REACHED THIS PLANET.
CRASHED NOT FAR FROM HERE. FIFTY YEARS AGO, ALMOST TO THE DAY.

AND YOU'VE BEEN HIDING HERE EVER SINCE?
LONG TIME TO BE ON YOUR OWN.
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THIS TIME?

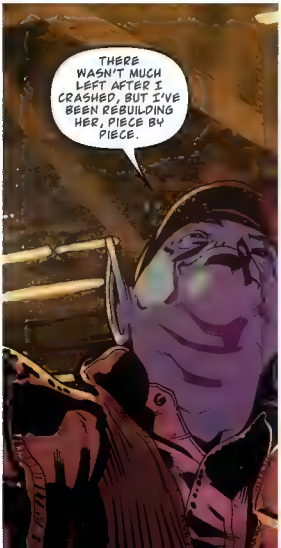
PATIENTLY WAITING TO BE RESCUED?
PLANNING A ONE-MAN INVASION OF THE ENTIRE PLANET?

I CAN SHOW YOU, IF YOU'D LIKE.

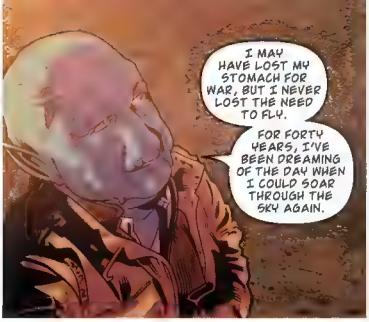
TELL ME THAT'S NOT WHAT I THINK IT IS.

A TRYLONIAN STAR FIGHTER, CLASS II.

MY SHIP.



THEN HERE'S WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
...THIS IS A FULLY FUNCTIONAL TRYLONIAN STAR FIGHTER...
...WELL, A MOSTLY FUNCTIONAL TRYLONIAN STAR FIGHTER...
...YOU COULD RETURN TO YOUR PLANET ANY TIME YOU LIKE.
OR TAKE CONTROL OF THIS WORLD THREE TIMES OVER WITHOUT EVEN STOPPING TO REFILL THE TANKS.
SO, WHAT IS IT DOING SITTING IN AN OLD BARN, GATHERING DUST?
THIS PLANET IS MY HOME NOW.
WHY WOULD I WANT TO LEAVE IT?
OR DESTROY IT?
THEN WHY REBUILD YOUR SHIP IN THE FIRST PLACE?
WHY NOT LEAVE THE PAST BURIED?
HAVE YOU EVER FLOWN A STAR FIGHTER, DOCTOR?


I MAY HAVE LOST MY STOMACH FOR WAR, BUT I NEVER LOST THE NEED TO FLY.
FOR FORTY YEARS, I'VE BEEN DREAMING OF THE DAY WHEN I COULD SOAR THROUGH THE SKY AGAIN.

BUT NOW THAT IT'S FINALLY HERE, I DON'T DARE.
THE ENTIRE VILLAGE WOULD SEE.
ALL MY WONDERFUL NEW FRIENDS WOULD FIND OUT WHAT I AM.

THEY'D TURN AGAINST ME.
YOUR PERCEPTION FILTER...
...CAN I SEE?

HANDY BIT OF TECHNOLOGY, PERCEPTION FILTERS...
...YOU CAN HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT.
THE VIEWER ONLY SEES WHAT THEY EXPECT TO SEE.

AND IF YOU MAKE IT POWERFUL ENOUGH...

'...YOU CAN HIDE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING.'
WOO-HOO!
FWOOOOSSHHH
AND THEY REALLY WON'T SEE US?
OH, THEY'LL SEE US...
'...BUT THEY'LL SEE AN OLD WORLD WAR II FIGHTER OUT FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON SPIN.
'OR A CROP DUSTER SPRAYING THE FIELDS'.
WHATEVER THEY EXPECT TO SEE ALL THE WAY UP HERE.
IT'S GENIUS. I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT TO TRY SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
WELL...
'...I DO HAVE MY MOMENTS'.

SO, WHAT NOW?
WELL, NO MORE JOY-RIDING, FOR ONE THING.
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THAT PERCEPTION FILTER TO KEEP BLENDING IN HERE.

CAN'T HAVE A BLUE-SKINNED TRYLONIAN WANDERING THROUGH THE VILLAGE.
YOU'D START A RIOT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
YOU AREN'T GOING TO MAKE ME GO BACK HOME?
SAVE THE PLANET FROM ALIEN INVASION I CAN DO...

...BUT MAKING SOMEONE GO HOME SEEMS A BIT OUT OF MY LEAGUE.
BESIDES...

OLICE TELEPHONE
FREE
FOR USE OF
PUBLIC
DVICE & ASSISTANCE
AINABLE IMMEDIATELY
OFFICER &
...LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE HOME, ALREADY.
THE END.

Dear Mum and Dad,

Ahya! So, yeah, it's been ages, hasn't it? Sorry about that. Life's a bit hectic when you're lost in time and space. God, that sounds bad, doesn't it? We're not lost, I promise. The Doctor knows what he's doing.

Well

TUESDAY

Story, art and colors: Dan McDaid
Color assist by Deborah McCumskey

most of the time.

DOCTOR. KEEPING WELL, I TRUST?

OH, I'VE BEEN BETTER. THE FOOD'S TERRIBLE, THE ROOM'S DRAUGHTY, AND THE BUNK IS MADE OF LUMPS OF... STUFF.

MY APOLOGIES, DOCTOR...

Wait. Okay, just to clarify, I wasn't here for this bit. The Doctor told me about it afterwards. He was in a prison cell on... Gibraltar? I think? Anyway, this was 1958, and the man holding the Doctor prisoner is an exiled royal called...

...SIR REGINALD TROUFE. AT YOUR SERVICE.

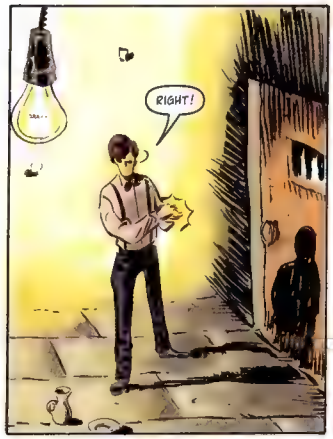
OH, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR PLAN. AND I'M GOING TO STOP YOU.

FROM IN HERE? I DON'T THINK SO. NO, DOCTOR, I THINK YOU'LL BE IN HERE TILL YOUR BONES HAVE TURNED TO DUST.

AS FOR ME, I WILL SOON BE TAKING MY RIGHTFUL PLACE AS KING OF ENGLAND AND EMPEROR OF THE WORLD. AND I DOUBT I WILL THINK ABOUT YOU EVER AGAIN.

GOODBYE.

KLIK


RIGHT!

SPRINGS, YES, THAT'S IT.

SOME KIND OF FILAMENT. THAT'LL BE ESSENTIAL...

POWER! LOTS AND LOTS OF POWER!

TRANSMITTER, TRANSMITTER...
YES, THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK...

HA HA, IT WORKS! BRILLIANT! AND NO ONE WAS AROUND TO SEE IT... NEVER MIND.
HELLO? DOCTOR CALLING AMELIA POND, ARE YOU THERE, POND?

ARE YOU THERE, POND?

POND? CAN YOU HEAR ME, POND?
ACTUALLY, DOCTOR...

...THIS ISN'T A GOOD TIME!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I'M ON THE VANGUARD SHIP OF THE VROON WAR FLEET, AND I'VE RAISED A RESISTANCE FORCE, WHICH WASN'T EASY BECAUSE THE WORKERS ON THIS SHIP ARE A WEE BIT OLD-FASHIONED ABOUT WOMEN, BY WHICH I MEAN THEY DON'T LISTEN TO US AT ALL, ABOUT ANYTHING, AND...
POND!

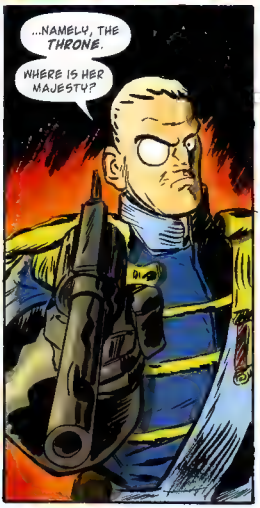
WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM. THE VROON GUARDS ARE ARMED TO THE TEETH, AND ALL WE'VE GOT IS MOPS, BUCKETS, AND COOKING UTENSILS. THE MOST DANGEROUS WEAPON WE'VE GOT IS A SPORK.
A SPORK?
SORT OF A... SPOON CROSSED WITH A FORK.

POND, WE NEED TO DISABLE THE VROON WAR FLEET BEFORE TROUPE REACHES ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, AND WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

'WHERE'S RORY'?
ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING TO GET THIS OUT OF THE WAY NOW, BECAUSE LATER ON I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE EVEN MORE AWKWARD, BUT REALLY, HONESTLY...
...I AM NOT THE KING OF ENGLAND.
BUT YOUR CREDENTIALS WERE IMPECCABLE, YOUR MAJESTY.
PLEASE... STOP CALLING ME THAT.
AND LOOK AT YOUR BEARING! THAT ELEGANT NECK, THAT REGAL NOSE. OH, YOU'RE THE KING ALL RIGHT, I'D STAKE MY REPUTATION ON IT.
NO, JUST—HANG ON. I WAS SUPPOSED TO USE THE PSYCHIC PAPER TO PRETEND TO BE A MINOR ROYAL, THEN GET CLOSE TO HER MAJESTY SO I COULD PROTECT HER WHEN—
BOOM
—THIS HAPPENED.
WHAT THE DEVIL...?

WHO THE BLAZES ARE YOU?
AH... HOW QUICKLY THEY FORGET.
MY NAME IS REGINALD OFFORD TROUPE. AND THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU WOULD HAVE BENT YOUR KNEE AND CALLED ME 'YOUR LORDSHIP'. BUT YOU MAKE ONE FAUX PAS WITH AN AU PAIR, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'RE EXILED TO SOME DREARY, BLOODY ROCK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.
BUT ANYWAY...

...THAT'S ALL BEHIND ME NOW.
GENTLEMEN, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE VROON. AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY'RE ALIENS. MORE IMPORTANTLY, THEY'RE INCREDIBLY STRONG, VERY FIERCE, AND UTTERLY SINGLE-MINDED. I LIKE THEM A LOT.
WE'VE MADE A PACT. I OFFER THEM EARTH AS A BEACHHEAD IN THEIR WAR AGAINST THE NOORV, AND THEY HELP ME TAKE WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE...

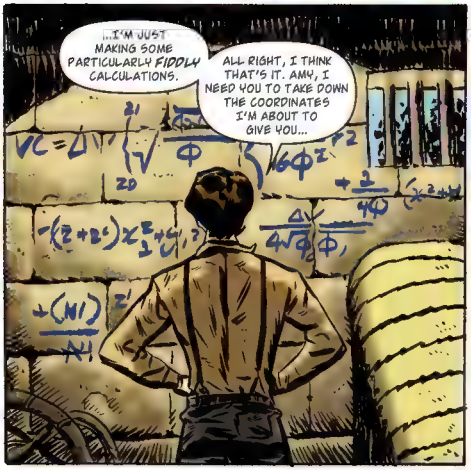

...NAMELY, THE THRONE.
WHERE IS HER MAJESTY?

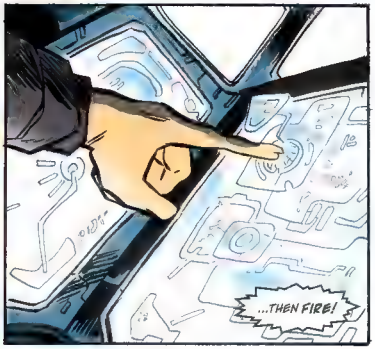
ACTUALLY... I THINK I'M SORT OF THE KING NOW.
INDEED. THIS IS KING... SORRY, WHAT WAS YOUR NAME?
RORY.
KING RORY. THE FIRST.

EXCELLENT.
THEN OFF WITH YOUR HEAD.

So, to recap: an exiled royal has made an alliance with an alien race, Rory's the King of England, and the Doctor is stuck in a prison cell on the rock of Gibraltar. Got that? And I'm...

...what was I doing? Oh yeah...



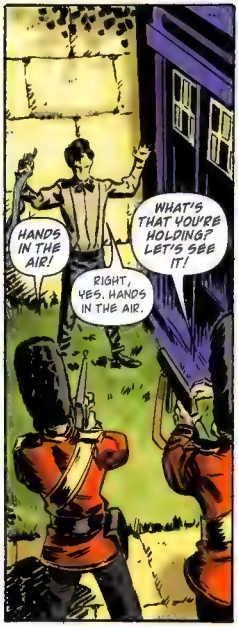


ZZUMMMMM
KA-BOOM

DOCTOR? ARE YOU OKAY? DOCTOR?!

AMELIA POND, YOU ARE -KOFF- LITERALLY THE BEST THING THAT HAS EVER HAPPENED TO ME.

ALL RIGHT, THE SECOND BEST THING.
HELLO, OLD GIRL. FANCY MEETING YOU HERE.
DON'T MOVE!


HANDS IN THE AIR!
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE HOLDING? LET'S SEE IT!
RIGHT, YES. HANDS IN THE AIR.

THIS? IT'S A SORT OF... WALKIE-TALKIE... THING. BUT I'D BE CAREFUL, BECAUSE IT'S STILL CONNECTED...

...TO THE POWER SUPPLY.
BLLT

OH DEAR, ELECTRICS NEVER WERE MY FORTE.
HE'S PROBABLY STILL ALIVE, ISN'T HE? I MEAN, ARMED GUARDS USUALLY WEAR RUBBER SOLES, DON'T THEY?

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A NO!

CONQUERORS OF VROON VANGUARD 'WARSTROKE', I AM VROON COMMANDER LETTMYR! RESPOND!
I'M AMY POND OF EARTH. WHAT'S UP?

BE AWARE, AMY POND OF EARTH, I WILL NOT HESITATE IN BLOWING YOU OUT OF THE SKY IF YOU DO NOT RELINQUISH CONTROL.
DO YOU OBEY?

I DO NOT. AND YOU LISTEN HERE, COMMANDER LEMON—
LETTMYR.
WHATEVER. WE'VE STAGED A COUP ON THIS WARSHIP WITH NOTHING BUT SPORKS, MOPS, AND... HAVE YOU SEEN BRAVEHEART?
NO.
WELL, I SORT OF DID MEL GIBSON'S SPEECH. IT WAS VERY STIRRING, AND IT TOTALLY WORKED.

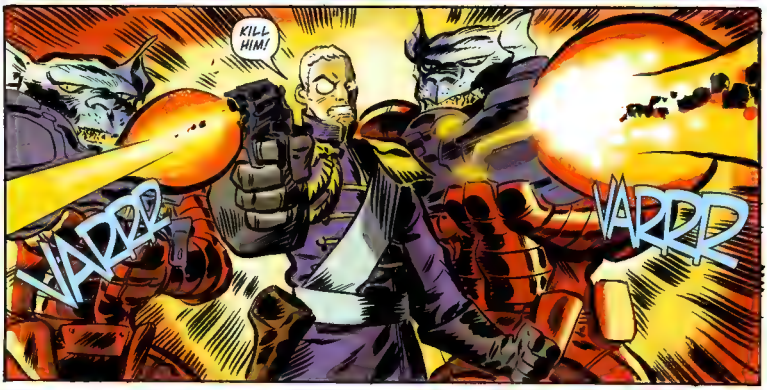
SO I SEND THIS MESSAGE NOT TO YOU, BUT TO YOUR STAFF. TO EVERYONE TOILING AWAY IN THE KITCHENS, CLEANING UP YOUR MESS, SCRUBBING OUT YOUR CELLS... YOU CAN RISE UP! THROW OFF THE SHACKLES OF TYRANNY AND... AND...
...KICK SOME ARSE!

SHE IS A FOOL. LIEUTENANT, PREPARE THE PULSE CANNONS.

LIEUTENANT?

THEN OFF WITH YOUR HEAD.
THIS WOULD BE SUCH A STUPID WAY TO DIE
OH, THANK GOD.
VWORP
VWORP!

HELLO! NOW...

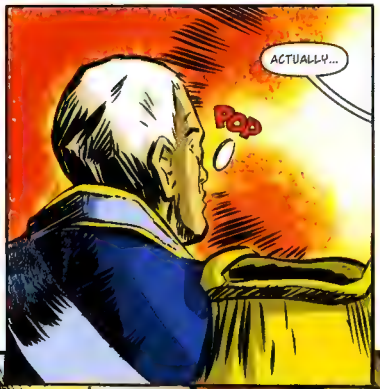

KILL HIM!
VARRR
VARRR

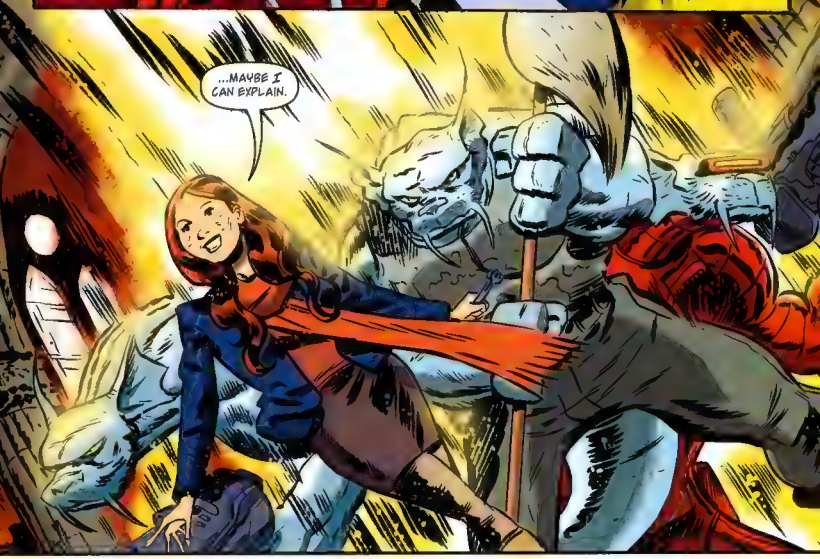
AH YES, I SORT OF THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TRY THAT, SO I EXTENDED THE TARDIS FORCE FIELD TO PROTECT ME. ANYWAY, HELLO. RORY, WHY ARE YOU ON THE THRONE? NEVER MIND, WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT LATER.
NOW, WHERE WAS I? OH YES...

...IT'S OVER, TROUPE. YOU'RE FINISHED. LOWER YOUR WEAPONS, ALL OF YOU, AND I MIGHT LET YOU GO FREE.

LET US GO FREE?! YOU KNOW, I HEARD YOU WERE CLEVER, DOCTOR, BUT I HONESTLY THINK YOU MIGHT BE THE STUPIDEST MAN I'VE EVER MET.
CAPTAIN, KILL THE 'KING', AND ORDER YOUR FLEET TO BOMB LONDON FLAT. THE DOCTOR MIGHT SURVIVE, BUT HE'LL BE THE ONLY THING THAT WILL.

CAPTAIN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I... I AM SENDING THE ORDER, BUT NO ONE RESPONDS. I DON'T UNDERSTAND...


ACTUALLY...
POP


...MAYBE I CAN EXPLAIN.

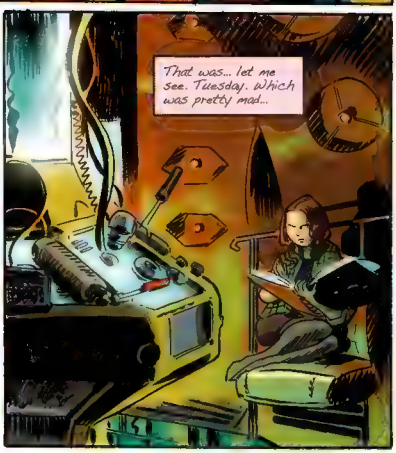
REGGIE, VROON CAPTAIN, MEET THE UNITED WORKERS FRONT. THEY'RE A BIT... HANG ON. RORY, WHY ARE YOU ON THE THRONE?
I... I SORT OF...
NEVER MIND, TELL ME LATER. WHERE WAS I? OH YEAH, THEY'RE ANNOYED BY THE CONDITIONS IN YOUR WAR FLEET, AND THEY'D LIKE A WORD.

YOU INTERFERING WITCH! WHY, I'LL—

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, REG. I'VE GOT A SPORK.
OW!

AND I KNOW HOW TO USE IT.
I actually said that. That's what travelling with the Doctor does, turns you into a total quip-monster.

Anyway, that was that. The police came for Reggie Troupe, the United Workers Front took the Vroon soldiers away, and the Queen...
..Well, she's fine, Mum. Don't worry.

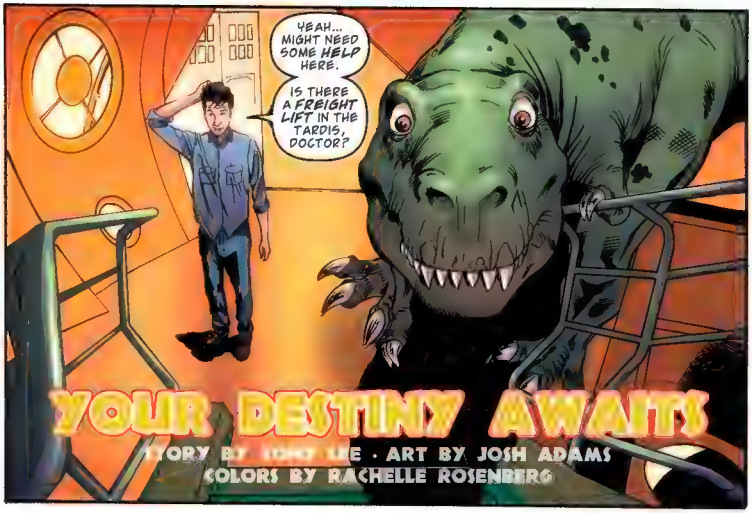

That was... let me see. Tuesday. Which was pretty mad...

But just wait till you hear about Wednesday...
THE END.

MONDAY.
IT'S SO...
BIGGER ON THE INSIDE. I KNOW. LET'S SKIP ALL THAT AND MOVE ON TO SOMETHING FUN!

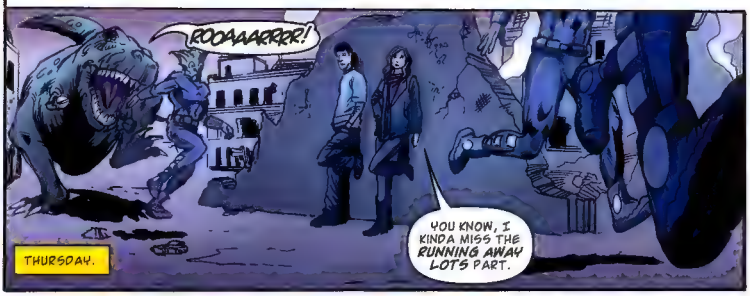
...ACTUALLY, I WAS GOING TO SAY 'CLAUSTROPHOBIC'.

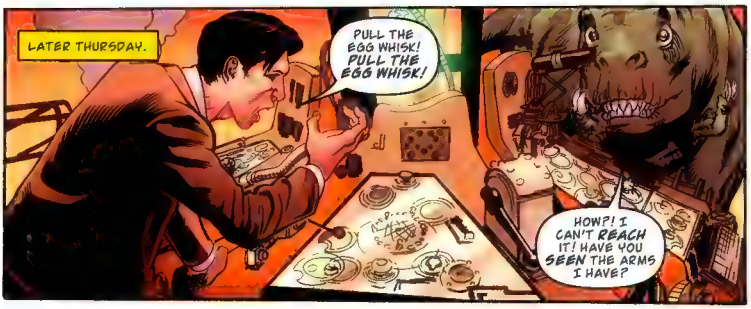
COME ON, KEVIN, LET'S FIND YOU A ROOM.
A LARGE ROOM.


YEAH... MIGHT NEED SOME HELP HERE.
IS THERE A FREIGHT LIFT IN THE TARDIS, DOCTOR?
YOUR DESTINY AWAITS
STORY BY TONY LEE · ART BY JOSH ADAMS
COLORS BY RACHELLE ROSENBERG

TUESDAY.
COME ON, KEVIN, GET IN! SITTING BULL AND HIS MEN ARE COMING!
POLICE BOX
I KNOW! THEY JUST HIT ME WITH AN ARROW!
I MIGHT BE A ROBOT, BUT I HAVE PAIN RECEPTORS! OW!

WEDNESDAY.
I'M LIEUTENANT ADDISON OF THE L.A.P.D.—THIS IS MY PARTNER, LIEUTENANT...
...KEVIN.
JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM.


ROOAAARRR!
THURSDAY.
YOU KNOW, I KINDA MISS THE RUNNING AWAY LOTS PART.


LATER THURSDAY.
PULL THE EGG WHISK! PULL THE EGG WHISK!
HOW?! I CAN'T REACH IT! HAVE YOU SEEN THE ARMS I HAVE?

FRIDAY.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KEVIN?
OH, HELLO, RORY.
NO, NOT REALLY.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE WORLD, EXPERIENCE NEW, WELL... EXPERIENCES.
I KNEW THAT I WAS MORE THAN JUST A DINOSAUR. BUT I'M NOT, AM I?

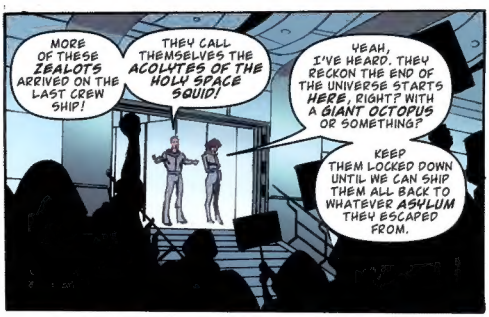
WHEN PEOPLE LOOK AT ME, THEY SEE A MONSTER. I GO FROM PLACE TO PLACE, AND I DON'T KNOW MY ROLE IN LIFE.
DO YOU KNOW YOUR ROLE?
ACTUALLY, I DO. IT'S TO PROTECT AMY, NO MATTER WHAT.

SOMETIMES I USED TO FEEL LIKE I DIDN'T FIT IN HERE, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S FINE WITH ME.
BECAUSE IT'S EASIER TO LOOK AFTER SOMEONE WHEN EVERYONE OVERLOOKS YOU.
BUT FOR 2000 YEARS I KEPT HER SAFE, AND I'M NOT GOING TO STOP NOW.

YOU'LL FIND YOUR REASON TO CONTINUE, KEVIN. IT MIGHT NOT BE TODAY, OR EVEN TOMORROW...
...BUT IT'S OUT THERE. AND WHEN YOU DO FIND IT...

'...YOU'LL KNOW IT'S YOUR DESTINY!'
TOMORROW. SPACE STATION E11—NEBULA BASE.

COMMANDER KATIC! MA'AM!
WHAT IS IT, FILLION?


MORE OF THESE ZEALOTS ARRIVED ON THE LAST CREW SHIP!
THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE ACOLYTES OF THE HOLY SPACE SQUID!
YEAH, I'VE HEARD. THEY RECKON THE END OF THE UNIVERSE STARTS HERE, RIGHT? WITH A GIANT OCTOPUS OR SOMETHING?
KEEP THEM LOCKED DOWN UNTIL WE CAN SHIP THEM ALL BACK TO WHATEVER ASYLUM THEY ESCAPED FROM.

THIS STATION ALREADY HAS ENOUGH 'LEGENDS' ABOUT IT...
...LET'S NOT ADD ANOTHER!

BOW DOWN BEFORE THE HOLY SPACE SQUID!
THE END OF DAYS IS COMING!
TO BE CONTINUED IN DOCTOR WHO #9: SPACE SQUID!

DOCTOR WHO
#9
NEXT MONTH!

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